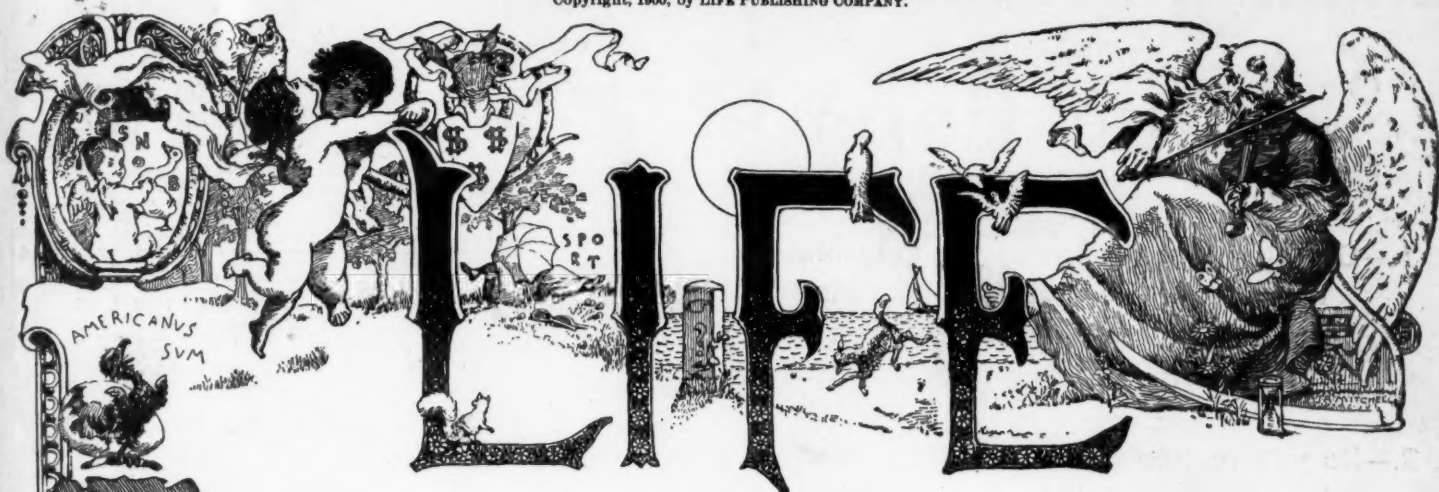


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Goldstein (about to drive): LIKE IT! I HATE IT! I HATE DER WHOLE BEERNESS—GOLF, NATURE, SUMMER, ALL OV UT!  
His Friends: THEN VY DO YER BLAY, IKEY?  
"BECAUSE I AM GOING TO GET MY MONEY'S WORTH OUDT OV DER GLUB."

# 3 questions

1.—Do you realize what your income means to the wife and children dependent upon it for the necessities as well as the comforts of life?

2.—Do you realize what the effect would be to them if this income should suddenly stop?

3.—Have you protected them so that if this event should occur they would not be compelled to suffer?

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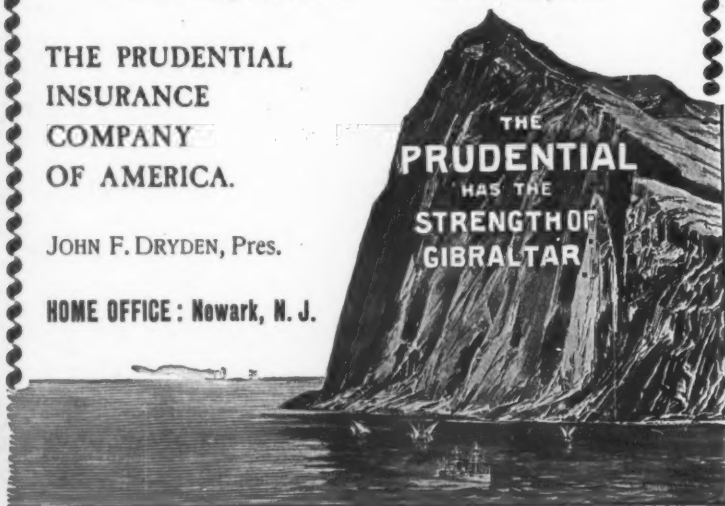
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JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres.

HOME OFFICE: Newark, N. J.

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"The story has not only the extraordinary beauty which gives Mr. Allen's work a place by itself in our literature, it has also great spiritual depth, and unusual grasp of thought."—HAMILTON W. MARIE in THE OUTLOOK.

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Striking pictures of rural Missouri late in the "sixties," when a wave of debate on denominational differences swept the whole region, affecting the local politics and dividing friends and families with a bitterness not even yet forgotten.

### THE WEB OF LIFE.

By ROBERT HERRICK, author of "The Gospel of Freedom."

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Mr. Herrick's "Gospel of Freedom," said the Boston Herald, is "witty, original and thoroughly modern . . . full of fresh ideas." The Inter Ocean called it "The great novel of American social life" with "big ideas behind it," said The Bookman.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, New York.

## Londonderry LITHIA WATER

A PURE  
SPARKLING  
HEALTHFUL  
WATER



# LIFE



*Briggs (who is the guest of Griggs):* I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A BOAT.

*Griggs:* OH, THIS ISN'T MINE. IT'S FIDDLEBACK'S.

*Briggs (nervously looking at a black cloud to windward):* CAN YOU SAIL HER ALL RIGHT?

"NO, BUT DON'T TELL HIM SO. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD CHANCE TO LEARN."

## The Sleeping Sentinel.

ONE day she laid aside the little cap  
That framed so fittingly her pensive face,  
And with a purple ribbon caught the lace  
That, like a soft caress, entwined a throat  
Round as a bird's that pours forth love's glad note;  
Then, as she sought her image in the glass,  
She saw—or seemed to see—a shadow pass,  
And heard—or seemed to hear—a gentle rap:  
"Tap, tap—tap, tap—Sweetheart, art thou within?"

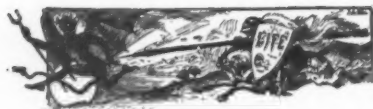
Swiftly she caught the ribbon from the lace,  
And fixed the little cap again in place,  
Blushing from brow demure to dimpled chin.

"O thou, who knockest at my widowed heart,"  
She called, "thou canst not enter in. Depart!"  
And when the knocking sounded as before,  
"Begone," she cried. "Bereavement guards the door!"

Her hand upon her heart, with drooping head  
She listened, till she seemed to hear the tread  
Of fast receding footsteps echoing far;  
Then, "Love," she called, her voice almost a song,  
"I bid thee go to-day—but stay not long!"  
Her trembling touch had found the door ajar!

Mary L. C. Robinson.





"While there is Life there's Hope."  
VOL. XXXV. JUNE 28, 1900. No. 920.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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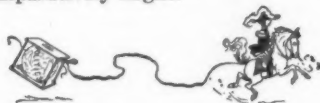
Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



CHINA, at this writing, seems to be in as bad a way as the city of St. Louis, but it has the advantage of St. Louis in that the troops have been called out in China, and benevolent outsiders are swarming in to aid in restoring order, whereas St. Louis has to rub along with what protection it can get from policemen and deputy sheriffs. All the same, China is perplexing. She seems not up to the task of looking out for herself in these strenuous times, and yet she is much too big an orphan for any one family to adopt. Russia, Japan, Germany, Great Britain and our Uncle Sam are all solicitous to promote her welfare, but just how they will go about it, and whether their efforts will be joint or several, and whether they will fight with the Boxers or with one another, are questions that give no pause as we sit down to our strawberries at breakfast, and read the headlines in the morning paper.

We in America are not losing much sleep over China and her vicissitudes, because we feel that, whatever turns up, we are in a good position to look after our interests and perform any duties that we seem to owe to civilization. We don't want anything in China except our share of trade, and we don't believe that any cry of White Man's burden can tie us up to embarrassing and onerous responsibilities there. Our share of police duty we

are well situated to accomplish, and we are well placed, too, to have an influential voice in determining what China shall do for herself and what shall be done for her. We may do some good and may get some good, and the prospect of our getting hurt is comparatively slight.



THE readers of this number of LIFE will have read the proceedings of the Philadelphia Convention and noted the sentiments and expectations of the citizens whom Major McKinley will again lead to political victory. As a successful man the Major is an interesting study, and fit in many particulars for the consideration of youth. His abilities are variously estimated by observers. Many persons of intelligence regard him as a man of feeble will, and class him in the group of invertebrates, of which the best known representative is the chocolate eclaire. Others of perhaps equal acumen credit him with remarkable abilities, and insist that he is the strongest of the group which now administers our government. Others still who credit him with good abilities say he lacks convictions and even principles, and feels his way along, choosing the course that seems politically expedient but undeterred from any policy either by regard for the Constitution or by a firm perception of his own that it is wrong. That is why men say that he is not a statesman, or a great leader.

On the other hand, there is abundant testimony both from his supporters and his opponents of his personal attractiveness, his tact, and the suavity of his manner. He has two principal gifts. He is a harmonizer, and can make men work together for his political good; and he has remarkable success in locating the point of least resistance and getting out of difficult situations at that point.



THE war in the Transvaal is playing second fiddle just now to the disturbances in China. For a time it

was a fight of breathless importance, but it is not of very high intrinsic interest as a war to the ordinary lay reader. It is not surprising to hear that there has already been more written about it than readers are disposed to assimilate. It must be a very sad thing to be a war correspondent, and go whither the eyes of all mankind are turned, and when you get there and have got in your work, find suddenly that the world's attention has been directed to some other scrimmage. Mr. Kipling, it is said, is going to serve up his South African experiences in the form of stories. Willy man! Others of the able correspondents who meditate books will doubtless do well to make them story-books.



OUR distinguished fellow-citizen, Captain Mahan, is still accumulating LL. D.'s. Columbia gave him one this year. One would like to know how his assortment now compares with those of other eminent collectors of these baubles of scholarship. Mr. Choate must have a fair lot of degrees, and so must Mr. Benjamin Harrison and Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Choate has just acquired a new parchment from Cambridge (England), and this polite attention to the American ambassador has been reciprocated in this country by Columbia and Harvard, which have bestowed their best doctorates on Sir Julian Pauncefote.



THE news of the retirement of Admiral Dewey from the Presidential contest is welcome. It has been apparent that the Admiral's candidacy would do no good, and there is no reason why he should keep it up. It has not hurt him. He is still an admiral and as good an officer as ever, and has work to do in the line of his profession. He is still also a popular favorite, and there are good times ahead for him if his health and spirits hold out. He has withdrawn in good season, and is well out of an enterprise in which, under any circumstances, he had very little to gain.





*The Rejected:* AND, PRAY, WHAT CONSTITUTES THE HIGHEST HAPPINESS?

"THE NUMBER OF FRIENDS ONE HAS."

"THEN I OUGHT TO BE HAPPY. EVERY GIRL I EVER PROPOSED TO HAS PROMISED TO BE A FRIEND TO ME."



AT LIFE'S FARM.  
STARTING OUT FOR A WALK.

### Our Fresh-Air Fund

LIFE renews his appeal for one hundred and fifty dollars for the purchase of a tent. As before stated, the price of a big tent, sixty feet long by thirty feet wide, is two hundred dollars, from which fifty is deducted by Mr. John P. McHugh, the manufacturer.

It is sincerely hoped that some one of our readers may feel inclined to lend a hand, as the tent is an inexpressible luxury.

Two hundred children on a rainy day become a serious problem, with only the house and stable to play in. It is then that the big tent becomes more than a luxury. It is an absolute necessity.

We feel sure, knowing our readers as we do, that among them are those who would give this tent, if they realized its utility and the pleasure it will afford to many hundreds of children.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,105.29
Fair given by the girls of the Club of Good Hope, Brooklyn; President, Ada Case; Secretary, Ethel K. Spencer; Treasurer, Ethel M. Fox..	23.55
Puritana.....	5.00
First subscription of the Ninth Annual Westchester Subscription.....	100.00
In memory of H. A. M.....	5.00
Patsey.....	3.00
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Mission Band of the Asylum Hill Con- gregational Church, Hartford.....	16.00
In memory of H. B. B.....	5.00
Frances L. Wilson.....	10.00
Charles Peabody.....	12.00

\$1,294.84

### The Latest Books.

*Our Native Trees.* By Harriet L. Keeler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Compiling a book on trees, nowadays, is something like making a dictionary, because so many authorities already exist that one has but to glean the proper technical material from what has already been published. Something more, however, is required of one who makes a good tree book—a personal love and familiarity with the subject—and Miss Keeler undoubtedly possesses this qualification. Her field is limited to east of the Rockies, and north of the Southern States, but within this area her book is comprehensive, and well indexed. Among its interesting features are the interspersed quotations from many sources bearing on the immediate subjects.

*The Last Lady of Mulberry.* By Henry Wilton Thomas. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

This "Story of Italian New York" is not only unconvincing, but it is wholly lacking in interest. You know it never happened, and you wouldn't care if it had. The illustrations, by the way, are in perfect keeping with the text.

*From Door to Door.* By Bernard Capes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Mr. Capes uses words as a bold and skillful artist employs his pigments, laying them on, as it were, now with the brush, now with the thumb, and again with the palette knife. The results at times are superb. His poetic appreciation of nature, on the one hand, and the breadth and strength of his character sketches, on the other, confirm him as a writer of the highest order.

*The Immortal Garland.* By Anna Robeson Brown. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

A story of unusual strength. The fact that it does not end in the orthodox rice and orange blossoms may disappoint some, but that the characters are true to life rather than to literary traditions should make full amends. The accurate picture of Prof. Scott will be recognized by any Columbia student of the middle eighties and leads to conjectures as to how many other characters in the story may be taken from life.

*Babes in the Bush.* By Rolf Boldrewood. New York: The Macmillan Company.

An aristocratic Swiss Family Robinson, containing the history of an old English family obliged by reverses to emigrate to Australia in

the forties. In style the book approximates the literary habit of the times of which it treats, being somewhat grandiloquent and decidedly long drawn out.

*The Green Flag.* By Conan Doyle. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

Mr. Doyle is here at his best. Several of the stories are old friends, but we meet them again with pleasure.

*White Butterflies.* By Kate Upson Clark. New York: J. F. Taylor and Company.

A collection of incidents rather than of stories. Taken as literary ginger wafers they will make a pleasant bite between meals.

*Nature's Calendar.* By Ernest Ingersoll. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

It is doubtful if this book will arouse enthusiasm in the ambitious naturalist who lives near New York. It is margined so that the owner may record his own observations at the proper time, paralleled with what the author has to say. But no true lover of Nature likes to have a book specially made for him to set down his thoughts about Nature in. His very temperament is dead against this sort of thing. It is like keeping books and adding up columns of birds and animals.

*Bird Studies With a Camera.* By Frank M. Chapman. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

To all amateur students of birds and of the camera this little volume will prove interesting. Those who look to it for much technical information, however, will be disappointed. It is, indeed, as the author says, only a hint as to what can be accomplished in this field, and in no way comparable to the work of the Keartons in England. We hope that it may induce many others to exchange the gun for the camera.

*For the Queen in South Africa.* By Caryl Davis Haskins. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Appearing at this time, these stories should find many interested readers, while escaping all flavor of partisanship by dealing with the Zulu and other former wars of England in South Africa. They are crisp, full of life and color and exceedingly well done.

# The Duplicity of Herrick.



IT was very soon after the ceremony was performed that Herrick's conscience began to trouble him. Thereafter it did not cease to trouble him all through the honeymoon. But, man-like, he postponed his disclosure, and not until they had returned to the city and were comfortably installed in their own little flat did he succeed in screwing up the necessary moral courage.

It was one evening after dinner that he took the bull by the horns.

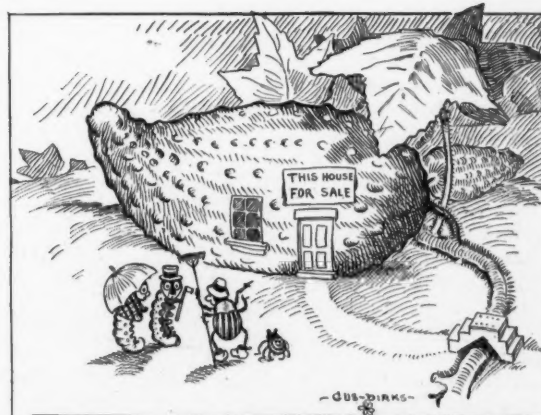
"Rose," he said suddenly, laying down his paper and regarding his wife with a somewhat furtive expression, "I—I have a confession to make. It's about this—this de-



WHEN THE PLUMBER APPEARS LIKE THE "MINISTERING ANGEL."



AND HOW HE APPEARS A MONTH LATER!



Mr. Worm: SAY, MR. BUG, HOW MUCH IS A SUMMER COTTAGE LIKE THIS WORTH?

"WHY, THEY'RE UP TO THIRTY CENTS A PECK, JUST AT PRESENT."

pravity business that I want to speak to you. Of course, you think I must have been an awful blackguard before I met you."

She smiled indulgently. "I don't know about your having been an awful blackguard, but you certainly were pretty wild."

"You mean you think I was wild."

"Nothing of the kind, sir. I mean that I know you were. Didn't I have it all from your own lips?"

"Yes, dear, but—but that didn't prove anything, you know."

She looked at him in sudden gravity. "Do you mean that what you told me about yourself was untrue?"

"Well, no, not exactly that. But I am afraid that—that I led you to form a somewhat erroneous impression of my past life."

"I don't see how that can be," she replied, with conviction. "Your confessions were so full and definite."

"That's just the point. They were a little too full and definite."

She seemed puzzled. "I don't understand. In what respect?"

"In several respects. For instance, as to my gambling proclivities. I allowed you to infer that at one time I nearly ruined myself by betting on the turf."

"Well, and didn't you?"

"I never put five cents on a horse in my life."

She gave a little gasp.

"Then again," he hurriedly continued, "you jumped to the conclusion that I had lost thousands of dollars at poker."

"Jumped to the conclusion!" she echoed, reproachfully. "You know you told me you had in so many words."

"I have no recollection of having said so," remarked Herrick, "but, anyhow, it's of no consequence. The fact remains that I never played poker in my life."

Mrs. Herrick's pretty face assumed an expression which made her husband feel like a brute.

"But the drink," she said in a quavering voice. "You really did drink hard, didn't you?"

Herrick shook his head. "No, dear," he answered, almost



apologetically. "I never could touch a drop. The very smell of liquor nauseates me. Once, when I was a boy, somebody induced me to drink a glass of beer. It made me so sick that ever since I have had a perfect horror of everything alcoholic. It's the same with the other little peccadilloes of which you think I was guilty. I never ran away from home to go to sea, never got into debt and forged my father's name to a check, never —"

"Stop!" she entreated. "I have heard enough."

There was a painful silence, which was finally broken by Mrs. Herrick. "Why did you do it?" she asked, slowly. "What was your object in leading me to believe that you had been everything that is vicious and depraved?"

"I did it," he answered, shamefacedly, "because I thought it would help me to win you."

"What a ridiculous idea!" she interjected, with a toss of her head.

"You see," he continued, "I had always heard that most women—most good women, that is—have a soft spot in their hearts for men whom they think have been a bit wild. And as I had never cultivated any of the masculine vices, it occurred to me that the only thing I could do was to fall back upon my imagination. But it seems that even as a prevaricator I'm a failure, for my conscience has tormented me ever since. Do you think you can forgive me?"

"Yes, I forgive you," she said, simply.

"That's a dear girl," exclaimed Herrick, immensely relieved.

"But what a ridiculous idea!" she repeated. "As if a woman would like a man any better because he was depraved. How absurd!"

"I'm so glad you take such a sensible view of it," said Herrick. "Then you're glad to hear that, after all, I haven't been the black sheep you thought me?"

"Of course I am!" she replied, decidedly. "You've no idea what a relief it is for me to know that you've always been respectable. But, oh, Jack"—her voice suddenly broke, and tears came into her eyes—"I do wish you hadn't undeceived me!"

Harold Stuart Eyre.

### A Kiss Amiss.

**M**Y maiden aunt was questioning  
About the girls I knew;  
I, anxious to receive her cash  
And approbation too,  
Was praising them as models of  
Discretion and reserve;  
But she was rather skeptical,  
It pained me to observe.  
Said she: "I wonder if the girls  
Have changed as much as this.  
Now, tell me, can you truly say  
You never kissed a miss?"  
With honesty and candor, I  
Assured her that 'twas true;  
I vowed I'd never kissed a miss;  
And she believed me too.  
You wonder how I reconciled  
My conscience to this lie,  
When I kiss every pretty girl  
That lets me (on the sly).  
Why, that is easily explained;  
The paradox is this,  
That when you kiss a pretty girl  
You never kiss amiss.

Minnie Lee Moore.

### A Monumental Job.

**I**T has been announced that the committee for the Flower Memorial which is to be erected at Watertown, N. Y., have given the order for the statue to Mr. St. Gaudens. The statue, presumably, is to be an effigy of Governor Flower, and it makes one grin to think of Mr. St. Gaudens doing it.

The Governor was a good man, very kind, able, and worthy to have his memory kept green, but his physical proportions were somewhat uncompromising, and it will be very interesting to see how Mr. St. Gaudens will treat them. He is the right man for the job, though. Neither Lincoln nor Peter Cooper had much in common with Apollo Belvidere, yet Mr. St. Gaudens succeeded with both of them. So he will with Governor Flower, whether he sculps him in the act of drawing his personal check for the price of the Fire Island hotel for the use of the Normania's passengers, or taking Mr. Waldorf Astor's voters away from him, or merely sitting in his office on Broadway, meditating on the great future of Brooklyn Rapid Transit and Federal Steel.

**T**HE burnt child first dreads the fire, then respects it, and then tries it on others.

**PHILOSOPHER:** When a man has earned a dollar his work is only half done.

**PLUTOCRAT:** How do you make that out?

"He owes it to society to spend what he has earned, and has no right to shunt off that demoralizing part of the work on posterity."

**T**HERE has been much lamentation over the untimely death of Stephen Crane, and there has been ample reason for it. There was no doubt about his talent. He had demonstrated its quality. The light was burning brightly, and was seen of many men when the oil suddenly gave out. It goes against the grain to have young fellows die who have made their dash up the first steep of letters or art, and have come to see the road stretch fair and far before them.

**T**HERE may be a few occasions in a woman's life when she can meet an old lover without sentiment, but there is never a time when she can meet him without curiosity.

**"D**OES it pay to advertise?"  
"Does it? Why, the Reverend Splicer doubled his income in two years by judicious advertising."



BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.



THE HIGHER CIVILIZATION.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS INQUIRE OF THE FILIPINOS AND THE BOERS.



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A NORTHEASTER.  
SOME LOOK WELL IN IT



LIFE.



NORTHEASTER.  
LOOK WELL IN IT



### The Library of the Future.

WHEN Francis Bacon was still a young man he wrote to his gouty uncle, Lord Burleigh: "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." His uncle's reply has not come down to us—probably because it was unfit for publication.

It was while meditating on this remarkable announcement, and wondering why any man should wish to transform himself into a Universal Cyclopedia and Compendium of useful facts, that a great idea occurred to me. I feel justified in calling it great because it offers a solution to the two burning questions: "What shall we do with our college graduates?" and "How shall we get the best results from Andrew Carnegie?"

At the present time college graduates are chiefly noted for their multitude, and Mr. Carnegie for endowing public libraries. Most of the college graduates began like Francis Bacon and took all knowledge as their province. As time passed, they discovered their limitations or became interested in football; but before graduation they had made some progress with their task. Besides, the world is full of men who have a passion for collecting facts that is only comparable with that of trust-builders for collecting dollars, and, consequently, you may find in every walk of life unfortunate drudges who are possessed of large crude masses of knowledge from which they get no more good than a magpie does from the bright rags it loves to gather.

Why should not a public-spirited man like Mr. Carnegie spend his surplus accumulations of money in collecting these incarnate books and arranging them in a library? Think what an advance it would be on all existing institutions of the kind. It would be at once a charitable institution and the most serviceable library in the world. And it would not be so hard to put it on a working basis as some people may suppose. Instead of subjecting candidates for places on the shelves to ordi-

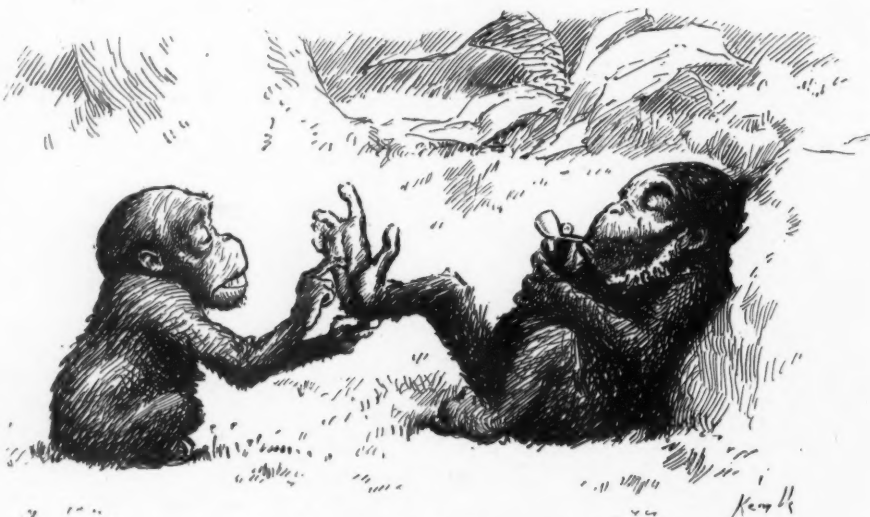
nary examinations, each one would be required to index himself by the card system now in use in public libraries, and if he covered a sufficient number of topics, he would be admitted. Some idea of the capacity of a college trained man in this way may be had from the assertion of a French authority, that the brain of a German professor is able to contain an average of seventeen thousand disjointed and useless facts. It is doubtful if any available American graduates are so voluminous, but some of them have done very well.

With such a scheme as this in working order, men who have taken wisdom as their province could avail themselves of knowledge without undue effort, and the unfortunates who are possessed of knowledge alone, would be provided for in a pleasant and highly respectable way. Just think how handy it would be for a hack writer seeking for facts. Instead of being forced to wade through twenty or more

volumes, and then missing all the vital points, he would simply apply to the librarian for the human document dealing with the subject in hand. A moment later, a neat volume, bound in full calf, with deckle edges on the cuffs, would be at his service. As this human volume would contain all the ripest thought on the subject, combined with some intelligence, he would get what he needed without unnecessary waste of time or effort.

As anyone with imagination can see, this scheme is capable of developing along many lines. A system might be devised by which duplicates could be taken out for, say, ten days or two weeks, and there could be a department where extinct authors could be kept and called upon to read from their own works. But to tell all the possibilities would be to make many enemies, and I prefer to leave the details to others. It seems to me, however, that Mr. Carnegie cannot do better than accept this suggestion, for besides occupying his time, it will keep him from being interviewed too frequently, and will enable him to avoid the disgrace of dying rich.

IT is an even match between some women and Time for many years, and one in which nobody is deceived.



PALMISTRY IN THE TROPICS.

"THIS LONG LINE INDICATES THAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO MIGRATE TO SOME FOREIGN CLIME, AND SOON AFTER SETTLING THERE YOU WILL BECOME A LEADER IN YOUR DISTRICT OR GO ON THE POLICE FORCE."

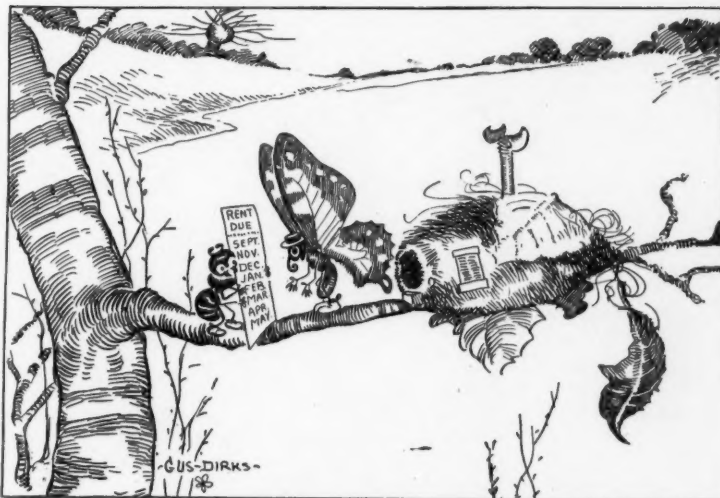
### Which?

MR. CHARLES P. LUMMIS, in *The Land of Sunshine*, says things which stamp him as a traitor. And if a traitor, he is also a liar and a copperhead. So is LIFE for that matter, and from the same reasoning:

It is always well to remember that parties and nations are simply collections of men, therefore liable to the weaknesses of men, and in all things to be judged as men are judged, by their fruits.

Now, if you observe two men in controversy, and one of them keeps arguing: "We have no right to do that way; it is unjust, dishonest, wrong." And the other keeps arguing: "You're a liar! You're a copperhead! You're a traitor!" Which of these men do you presume to be right? And which do you fancy feels surer of his ground?

THE announcement of winner in "The Meanest City Contest" will be made in LIFE's issue of July 5th—next week.



Mr. Ant: HERE IS YOUR RENT BILL, MR. — WHY, THAT ISN'T THE FELLOW I RENTED THIS BRANCH TO LAST AUTUMN!



Neptune: I'M NOT FEELING WELL AT ALL TO-DAY; I GUESS I'VE GOT A TOUCH OF MALARIA. "THERE! I TOLD YOU NOT TO GO OUT WITHOUT YOUR RUBBER SHOES!"

### How to Become a Fluent Golfer.

BY DOLLY VARDEN.

A GOOD golfer is not only born, but manufactured, and you should begin as soon after you are born as possible.

If a man has a natural aptitude for languages, does not belong to any church, is willing to give up his business, his family and his friends, can swear in all the octaves, and has seen me play, there is no reason why he should not be able to write articles about golf for any magazine in a few years.

To begin with, you should learn how to swing. Before you have learned to swing, do not try to hit the ball. You will probably not be able to afterwards, but that is another story. Secure one of my drivers—the most expensive one is the best—and carry it around with you wherever you go. While you are about it, you may as well get a complete set of my clubs. Put them in a bag and never part from them. They will give you a distinguished appearance. When on a car or ferryboat or the street, the maker's name should always be on the outside.

After you have practiced sufficiently with the driver, and know, beyond all doubt, that you will never be able to hit a ball with it more than once in three times, then take up the other clubs. It is better not to learn all their names at once, but one at a time. In



this way you will be able to fit a set of swear words to each club as you go along.

No matter what kind of a shot you are playing—whether your ball is at the bottom of a duck-pond or lodged in a tall tree—always fix your mind on some spot where you are willing to bet a thousand to one your ball will not go, and then do your best not to put it there.

Do not pitch your ball when you are making an approach shot. Tar and feather it; or, better still, if there is no other player near to see, and your caddie is hunting for mushrooms, take the shot over again.

Putting is one of the most important parts of golf. You can lose more strokes on the putting green, if you try hard not to, than anywhere else. Always stay on the putting green as long as possible after you have holed out. Talk it over, and explain how near you came to the Colonel if you had not made such a blankety blank idiot of yourself. The other players back of you, who have been waiting, will appreciate this. It helps them to keep an even temper, which is necessary to a good golfer.

Never try to put a twist on your ball with your club. Try to twist the club, and if that doesn't work, bang it on the ground, knock it up against a tree, or hammer it across your shins. Remember that it always costs more to replace a club than it does a ball, and one of the reasons for playing golf at all is to see how much money you can spend in a given time.

Never be discouraged because you happen to start out well. Sometimes a man can keep it up for three or four holes more.

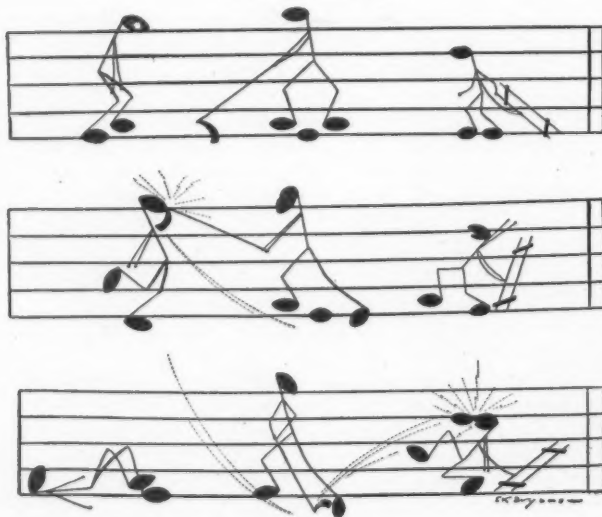
Above all things, do not lose sight of the fact that golf is the most important influence of your life. When you are not playing, talk about it. You will be surprised how, in a short time, everything else will assume its relative value, and golf will be to you in its true light—the only real thing in the world worth living for.

"WHY was Swayback arrested?" Cumso asked.

"He appropriated \$4,300," replied Cawker.

"But Congress appropriated \$720,000,000, and there are many Congressmen-at-large."

A MUSICAL ACCIDENT.



### Journalistic Enterprise.

SOMETIME ago, how long we do not know,  
This mother earth off into space was hurled;  
As near as ancient records go to show,  
The thought was first suggested by  
the "WORLD."

The records were at fault, for now we see,  
Accounts about this matter don't compare:  
Great headlines bear the startling news to me:  
The "JOURNAL" whirled the earth off into air.

And while the earth was cooling off for man,  
A protoplactic egg was thereon laid;  
Announcement to the tadpole whence he sprang,  
In columns of the "EVENING WORLD" was made.

But now 'tis proved the "EVENING WORLD" was late—  
All yellow-bellied bullfrogs now agree;  
And Gorgeous Red-Dyed Headlines plainly state  
The "JOURNAL" first announced their pedigree.

And since the day when Adam was accursed,  
Of all that's happened, either great or small,  
Both "JOURNAL" and the "WORLD" have told it first,  
Before the other heard of it at all.

An Icy Trust was lately made to bust,  
When with a nickel morsel it was hit;  
"JOURNAL" or "WORLD"? Which dealt the blow so just?  
Each paper says, "DEAR PUBLIC, I AM IT."

'Twas I that downed the monster with my thrust,  
And gave the Mayor's heart those Icy Shocks;  
'Twas I that scared all owners in the Trust,  
From City Hall to Wall Street and the  
Docks.

"My yellow dust with lavish hand I used.  
Bought legal lore; laid bare stockholders'  
names,  
And showed how public faith has been abused  
By use of public power for private gains."

'Twas you, and who you are the Public  
knows;  
It knows this, too,—that what is new is  
first;  
Trite truth, and here's another with it goes,  
That it's not new when by the  
"WORLD" reHears(t)ed.

Charles Nox.



IN Kansas, one has to step lightly and speak softly, and take heed that his views are such as his hearers think he ought to hold. A confiding State Normal School teacher, Professor Christman, lately divulged at a Mothers' Congress out there that men, though subject to sexual attraction, don't really love women. What he was arguing for is not recalled—perhaps that men make bad mothers—but, anyhow, he made some of the Kansas women so very angry that they banded together to do him out of his job. They very nearly accomplished it, too, for the vote of the six regents on Christman's case was a tie. Now the proposition is that the Kansas girls shall boycott the school where Christman is employed.

Boo! What a hag-ridden state! Let the poor man alone, ladies. There is a thread of truth in what he said, which dates from creation and will last till judgment day, but, no doubt, he put it a great deal too strong. But even if he did, let him live to learn better. You strenuous Western females

have no more notion of liberty of thought, or liberty of anything else, than hens have of astronomy. Folks who don't think, speak and drink what you think is good for them are liable to have the whole pack of you on their necks or at their heels. There is lots that you don't know, and you never suspect it, for the men you raise and rule are too much like you to give you the steer you need.

Go to, Kansas women !  
Don't be such cranks ! Let  
Professor Christman be  
wrong about some things  
part of the time !



### Keeping a Wife.

ACCORDING to the  
*New York Times*,  
Judge Spiegel, of Cin-  
cinnati, has clearly  
defined some

\*\*\*\*\* rules as to  
the prerogatives of wives. Among  
other things he said they had a  
right to their husbands' society  
and to proper attention; that it  
was not enough for a husband to  
"feed" his wife. He did that  
much for his dog or horse. A wife  
is an equal and companion, he  
said, and is entitled to proper at-  
tention and respect. It was no  
excuse for the defendant's gam-  
bling for him to say that he gave some of the  
winnings to his wife, or that he intended to buy  
her presents if he won. She cannot be compelled  
to take the risk of his losses or the want and  
suffering which such failures at schemes of  
chance are sure to entail. Nothing will excuse

WHY NOT ON ONE AS WELL AS THE OTHER?



AN INGENIOUS DEVICE, INVENTED BY A HORSE,  
FOR ADDING TO THE COMFORT AND BEAUTY OF  
MAN WHILE EXERCISING.

### HISTORIC BITS.

XVI.

DE SOTO EXPLAINS THAT HE HAS TAKEN POSSESSION OF THE MISSISSIPPI THROUGH THE RIGHT OF DISCOVERY.

a man's gambling, said the Judge, when he  
knows the money he stakes on some game of  
chance is needed by his family.

All of which has a flavoring of justice  
and common sense. Of course, wives  
vary. Some are dear at any price.  
But if a man is going in for that sort  
of thing, he ought to have some pride  
about it.

"WHERE shall we live after we  
are married?" said Memory  
to Gratitude. "In a man?"  
"No," was the reply. "In a dog.  
I hate to change."

ONE engagement does not make a  
summer.



DISAPPOINTMENT.

A moonlit sky, an evening fair,  
And on the lawn a loving pair;  
Beneath the trees where lights are dim

A hammock swings from limb to limb.

The man and maid seek out the nook,  
The scene takes on an altered look;  
The hammock idly swings no more,

It's lower down here than 'twas before.

But the moonlit sky, and the evening fair,  
The hammock taut, with the loving pair,  
Are a little bit more than the tree can stand

And they all mix up when they come to land. — *The Widow.*

"Ah youse de nex' gemmen?"

"I believe I am."

"Jes' step in de sulphur box one moment, sah, an' get fummygated accordin' to de rules of de Boa'd of Helf. Dar, dat's all right. Lemme spray you wid dis official disumfec-tant. Now take a seat, sah. Hair severed, sah?"

"No, I want a shave."

"Yes, sah. One moment. All my razzers am takin' an anty-microbe bath."

"What are you looking at me through that glass for?"

"Dat's a bacilla detector, sah. Prescribed, sah, by de Boa'd of Helf."

"Oh, it is, eh? Perhaps you wouldn't object to telling me what you have been eating."

"Suttinly, sah. I been eating de disinfected pastilles prescribed by de Boa'd o' Helf for de use of all bahbahs."

"Hold on. What's that infernal odor?"

"Dat's only de fumigatin' de pahlahs gits once every foah hours. Jes' glance you eye along de edge of dat razzar froo de microscope, sah."

"What of it?"

"Want you to be morally sartin, sah, dat dar ain't no bacteria straddlin' de aldge."

"Go ahead with your job."

"You' hair averagin' pooty thin on top, sah. Looks to me like de bacilla was gettin' in dere fine work at de roots."

"Yes, I like it that way."

"Don't you want an anty-toxinated shampoo, sah? It's sudden death to 'em, sah."

"All I want is a shave. Say, what's that card hanging to that strap?"

"Dat's de official 'spection card of de Boston Boa'd of Helf. All de razzers an' straps has to be sent to de City Hall once every week an' subjected to a temprachuah of two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrumbheat. Little disin-fected pomotum, sah? No. Some fumigated bay rum, sah? Dat's all, sah. Brush?"

"Pretty intelligent looking brush boy you have there."

"Yes, sah. He's a graduate chemist, sah, and sanitary expert, sah. De Boa'd of Helf prescribes that every bahbah shop must have one."

"There's your money. Keep the change."

"Jes' as much obliged, sah, but de Boa'd of Helf don't allow us to take no tips dat ain't thoroughly antisepticated, sah. Call again, sah." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

NERO, fiddle in hand, sat upon his throne when a little band of captives was led before him.

"Now," he roared in royal tones, "you have your choice between hearing me play a study in cadenzas with the middle finger on the E string, or being burned alive at the matinee at the Coliseum."

"Bring on your torches!" shouted the desperate captives.

Later on Nero fiddled, and burned things, and conducted himself in an outrageous manner.

"I hate to do this," he explained, "but they depend on me for some warm scenes in 'Quo Vadis.'"

COLUMBUS AND THE EGG.

COLUMBUS, having promised to stand an egg on end, failed at the first trial, but he reversed the egg, and it balanced perfectly.

"Tell me, Chris," said King Ferdinand, "why did you turn the egg over?"

"Because, Your Majesty, the chicken could not stand on its head."

It is said that Columbus got the idea of discovering America from this incident. But, of course, theories are not always what they are cracked up to be.

BENNIBAL'S ORATORY.

"FORWARD, my brave men!" shouted Hannibal; "be-yond the Alps lies Italy!"

"Bah, you talk like a sweet girl graduate," growled a Carthaginian colonel on the general's staff.

Later on Hannibal completed the resemblance by discov-ering that Rome was not built in a day.

— *Baltimore American.*

"De trouble in dis life," said Uncle Eben, "is dat de voice o' duty can't do no mo'n whisper while de voice o' pleasure uses a megaphone." — *Washington Star.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The Inter-national News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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the purest whiskey.

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WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



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FOR THE  
TEETH & BREATH



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All lovers of good living will find in this article a delicious and palatable addition to their dinner or evening entertainment. A little "Kremette," added to a punch-glass of vanilla ice cream, will give you the successor to the Roman Punch. If you want something distinctly new, serve your guests with "Kremette Punch."

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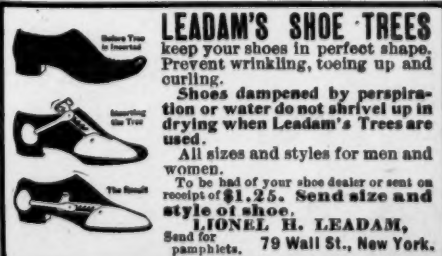
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PAY  
POST-  
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keep your shoes in perfect shape. Prevent wrinkling, toeing up and curling.  
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All sizes and styles for men and women.  
To be had of your shoe dealer or sent on receipt of \$1.25. Send size and style of shoe.  
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MAGNIFICENT ORCHESTRA  
BRILLIANT ENTERTAINMENTS  
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"I BESEECH YOU, BURGLAR, MAKE AS LITTLE NOISE AS POSSIBLE. THERE IS A SICK PERSON ON THE FLOOR BELOW."  
— *Le Rive*.

THOMAS K. BEECHER, who recently died, once prefaced a sermon preached at Plymouth, for his brother, with the startling intimation:

"All those who have come here to worship Henry Ward Beecher will now have a chance to retire; all those who have come to worship God will remain." — *Argonaut*.

"What's that crowd of men over there?" asked the traveler in London.

"That's the first man to enter Ladysmith," was the reply of the replier. — *Harper's Bazar*.

#### HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSE.

With telephone service you can reach everyone you want in a few seconds. It puts the whole organization of a great city at your fingers' ends day and night. It may be had in Manhattan for \$60 a year. New York Telephone Company, 111 West 38th St., 15 Dey St.

He thrust the sealed letter through the window and put down the two cents.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the stamp clerk, gruffly.

"An automobile, please," he replied sweetly.  
— *Philadelphia North American*.

#### HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

HENRY THOMAS, of Cross Roads, formed one of a fishing party last Tuesday at the banks of the famous Leaf River, where they caught over one hundred fine catfish, some of them weighing six to eight pounds each. In fact, Henry says the fish were so numerous they finally had to discard hooks and lines altogether and run 'em out with dogs.

— *Mount Morris (Ill.) News*.

THE late Canon Lyttelton of Gloucester, when rector of Hagley, was fond of scientific teaching, and formed a class in his school for physiology. After a few lectures he received a letter from the mother of one of his pupils, saying: "Reverend sir, please not to teach Susan anything more about her inside; it makes her so proud." — *Exchange*.

LORD COLERIDGE writes: "Send me fifteen dozen Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Wine. I tried it while here and find it superior."

Two young clergymen sat together at a lecture given by Rev. B. Fay Mills in this city a short time ago. As the speaker mounted the rostrum, the first divine remarked to his brother that a look of worryment seemed to ruffle the wonted placidity of Mr. Mills's brow.

"Mr. Mills has cause to worry," said the second divine. "He has found a new theory of justification to justify his former departure from religious paths. How to justify his justification is the problem that now confronts the poor dear man." — *Exchange*.



#### OSCAR'S SAUCE

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CHICAGO

There ain't no use in eating food unless you can enjoy it.  
There ain't no use in appetite unless you can employ it.  
There ain't no use in suffering from pangs of indigestion,  
When R.I.P.A.N.S., taken now and then, will kill it beyond question.

#### HOW TO ENJOY AN OUTING.

The first thought in arranging for an outing is how to secure the maximum benefits and pleasures with the minimum discomfort and disappointment, and the great increase in the number of votaries of outdoor life every year makes the question of food supplies a dominating one. Ever since the days of Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest, lovers of outdoor life have depended upon ale to open the way to the full enjoyment of the occasion. For centuries ale has been the inspiration and factor in making those truly happy days that cling to memory dear and never fade away. The same good old customs which prevailed in olden times are in existence to-day, as evidenced by the great increase in the ranks of the grand army of recreation seekers and their pronounced partiality for Evans' Ale, which has become famous as a summer beverage among lovers of outdoor life for the way it imparts vigor and enjoyment to an outing. Nowadays it is the inspiration of the camp, the solace of the fisherman, the joy of the golfer and the sesame of good-fellowship among all men. The zest with which it rounds off a meal adds a delight that is complete. The sparkling, frothy, bubbling way it pours out shows that health-giving beverage, ale, in its most perfect condition. Evans' is the one ale most suitable for all places, whether in the mountains, at the seashore, on a yacht or traveling by train or boat, because it is always in the same perfect condition and because it cannot spoil, no matter how abused in handling or knocking around, due to the fact that it does not contain a particle of sediment.

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Alcohol, Opium,  
Drug Using.  
**Cure**

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these  
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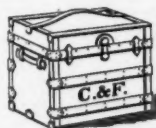
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full instructions how to be-  
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Butlers in the best families and all first class cooks can tell you that soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads and many other dishes are given an appetizing relish if flavored with Lea & Perrins' sauce.

Signature on every bottle *Lea & Perrins*

John Duncans Sons—AGENTS, NEW YORK.



*Everett*

Miss Oldham: DO YOU KNOW, MR. GAY TRIED TO KISS ME LAST NIGHT.  
Young Jokers: AH! I WAS AFRAID HE HAD BEEN DRINKING AGAIN.

—Moonshine.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."  
— Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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THREE STAR  
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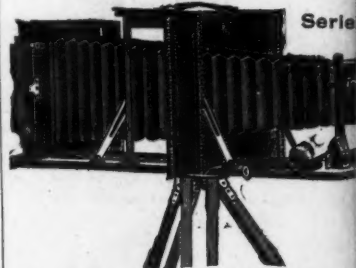
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